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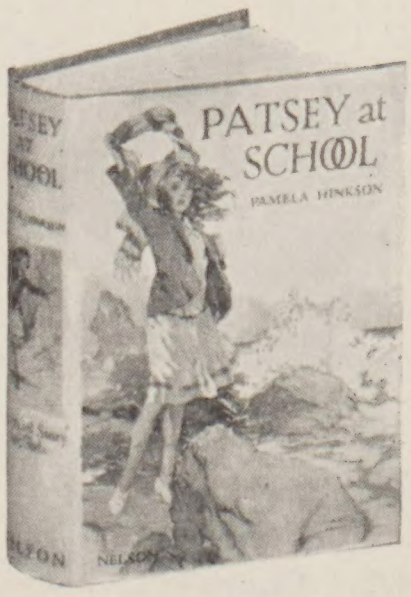

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THE
CHILDREN'S PAPER
SEPTEMBER 1925 THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The King's Barrow

By May Wynne

"IT'S not nonsense," declared Pansy; "I heard Dad talking to some awfully clever people about it. That long, rounded bank on the Common is a barrow. Mr. Twindale called it a king's barrow. He said he would only be too glad of the chance of opening it on the spec of finding treasure. Of course, I didn't understand all about it, but I'm sure they meant that the barrow was a sort of ancient burying ground dug after some battle, and that a great many people were buried according to their traditions with a whole heap of their treasures. Dad said that old Sir Philip Balkrane was the last man in the world to allow exploration, or whatever you call it—and so that's that."

"Topping," breathed Alec and Ivor in a breath. "Did they say what part of the barrow the treasure was in?"

Pansy pondered. "Not exactly. But the old bald man—he was a sort of professor, I believe—said he would start opening it up opposite the park rail. He said the reason why; but it was too awfully clever for me to understand—anyhow, it doesn't much matter. Dad said you might talk for a month of Sundays without making Sir Philip change his mind. Dad said it was 'pure cussedness.'"

"I'm rather glad," said Alec sturdily, "otherwise all those old fossils might have come down in term time to clear the whole show. *Now's our chance.*"

It was Pansy's turn to stare. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"It's a full moon," gloated Ivor, "and we've got our own tools. Dad gave us two full sets last Christmas. What time shall we start, Alec?"

Alec was the leader. "Half-past eleven," he decided. "If we leave it later we may go to sleep and forget about it. Will you be able to manage to come, Pansy?"

The Professor's madcap little daughter had never yet failed in joining the boys' sport, and this was, in a way, her show. It would have been beastly mean not to offer her a chance. Pansy thrilled. Here was a desperate adventure; but the boys were not going to have it all their own way.

"Of course," she swaggered, "I'll be by the holly tree at half-past eleven. Shall we walk along this barrow and fix the *exact* spot to dig?"

They did so. Everything had to be in order, even to the arranging of refreshment. Pansy promised rock buns, and the boys vouched for jam puffs—quantities unlimited.

"Digging is awfully hungry work," added Ivor.

"We'll bring a fork and a pick for you, Pansy," said Alec.

"I might manage ginger-beer," added Pansy.

Everything went swimmingly. There were at least ten minutes wasted that moonlight night under the shade of the old holly tree whilst panting adventurers told the tale of hairbreadth escapes.

Pansy had had to roll herself in the folds of the library curtain when her father entered in search of a book.

"All's well that ends well," quoth Ivor, "and we've got a ripping lot of puffs. I wonder how near the top of the barrow the treasure lies?"

"The old bald-headed man said ten feet," replied Pansy, wielding her pickaxe.

"But I don't see how he was to know!"

Five minutes later they were all hard at work. And I may say at once that it was much harder work than any of them had bargained for. At the end of half an hour what they had dug looked like a fox burrow just begun.

"How deep is ten feet?" asked Pansy wearily.

The question was depressing.

"Let's sit down and stodge tarts," suggested Alec briskly. "The beginning is always the worst; we shall get on A1 presently. Can't you hear us squeal when our forks strike against an iron-clamped box?"

"They didn't have iron-clamped boxes in those days," argued Ivor. The others did not feel like arguing, but a great deal more like eating.

They ate. But even jam puffs by moonlight could not inspire great zeal in re-gripping their tools. Pansy was half inclined to show her blistered hands when Alec grabbed her arm.

"Hul-lo," he whispered, and pointed.

The king's barrow overlooked the park shrubberies, and through a gap in the latter could be seen a stretch of lawn, several flower-beds, and a terrace.

Towards the terrace and across the lawn, pausing now and again under the shade of a towering shrub,

stole two men. Two men! Two burglars! No mistake!

Coo! What an adventure! The buried treasure of fabled kings was forgotten. Here was the sort of thrill which comes but once in a lifetime.

"Shall we go after them?" asked Alec.

"Or yell like mad?" hinted Ivor. "They'd bolt if we did."

"Let's stalk them," decided Alec. "And when they start breaking in we can rouse the house."

"Come on," urged Ivor. "Pansy, stay where you are and—er—look after the tools."

Pansy said no word; she had expected the boys to give that order. It was just the sort of thing boys would do.

Alec and Ivor were already scrambling up the ditch and over the fence. They had had Scout training, and they stalked those burglars quite scientifically. Only once Ivor took a toss over a molehill. Alec fancied the shorter of the burglars turned round, but he must have been mistaken. A few seconds later the men were lost to view behind the conservatory.

"At the double," whispered Alec.

The next moment they had doubled into the arms of their foes, who had hidden and were waiting for them. It wasn't a scrap of use to fight, yet these boys fought. Each of them felt himself a young Hercules at first; but afterwards—well, it was a pretty beastly feeling to be tied like trussed fowls, gagged and roped down on a garden seat. It might look romantic, but it felt awful.

Alec and Ivor shook in terror as they looked down the barrels of two revolvers. They were in a blue funk, no use to deny it. And oh! what was going to happen?

They felt fairly certain they were going to be murdered, but it was not as bad as that. They were left sweating, whilst chuckling burglars whispered a hoarse word of advice about minding their own business in future.

Then they departed to burgle.

And the boys could not even tell each other what they thought of life. And Pansy? What would Pansy do? Poor kid! She would be scared stiff waiting on that beastly old barrow all alone.

"Hullo!" Sprawled where they were, the young heroes could see nothing, but they *heard* all right.

And all of a sudden there was plenty to hear. Crack! Crack! A revolver shot—another! The sound of opening doors and windows, shouts, cries, yells! How the hearts of the prisoners throbbed! What, what, what!

It was over almost at once, and pandemonium was followed by mysterious silence.

Have you ever been forced to be down when you *long* to be up seeing what there is to see? If so, you will pity the boys. They struggled and strained in vain, though, against those bonds. It was hopeless to.

Scamper—scamper. Footsteps on the gravel, a shrill, high-pitched voice—Pansy's voice. "Here they are! Here they are! O boys, you poor boys! —you're not hurt?"

More footsteps, severed bonds, freedom to breathe again. And oh! how good those long, deep breaths were, to be sure. The heroes were hauled to their feet without much ceremony, and forthwith hugged by Pansy.

It was rather silly of the kid to do it in public, for Sir Philip and quite a crowd of other people were present; but then, after all, Pansy was only a girl.

Then Sir Philip himself clapped them, friendly

BRITISH MUSEUM

fashion, on the back, congratulating them. "Burglars a bit too much for you, Master Scouts," he chuckled. "But never mind, we've got 'em safe and sound, thanks to this splendid little heroine here."

I don't fancy the boys understood at first. Their own adventure had left them rather bemuddled. But at last they realized it was Pansy herself who had succeeded where they had failed. Instead of remaining in the barrow, she had run round to the back door and succeeded in rousing Jameson, the butler, whilst the burglars were busy entering the library. Jameson had acted promptly, and, with the help of Sir Philip and some visitors, had actually succeeded in capturing both burglars, now safely guarded in the pantry.

Just for the first moment or so I fear the boys found it a teeny bit hard to hear all the praise given to a girl younger than themselves; but Pansy was so generous about it, and so eager that her dear chums should be honoured, that the unworthy little cloud of jealousy was blown clear over the moon.

I can't say that the boys' parents were altogether sure whether their sons had been heroes or not, but Sir Philip did his best to persuade them that heroes they were, and— Would you like to know a secret over and above the fact of three gold watches being ordered for the three adventurers? Well, it is this. Sir Philip has promised that as soon as he has the time to spare he will have the king's barrow opened properly, and that Alec, Ivor, and Pansy shall be almost—if not quite—the head bottle-washers.

✢ ✢ ✢

An old lady, owing to her "rheumatiz," had been persuaded to go to town by train instead of walking as had been her wont.

For the first three miles nothing happened to frighten her, and she was beginning to think her fear unfounded, when, at the first station, the guard put his head in at the carriage window and bawled, "All change!"

"Ah!" replied the old lady as she took down her attaché case, and, taking out her purse, gave the guard all her loose change, "I knew there was a catch in it somewhere!"

✢ ✢ ✢

Mistress. "Did you post those two letters, Bridget?"

Bridget. "Yes, mum; but I saw you had put the three-halfpenny stamp on the foreign letter and the twopenny stamp on the local one."

Mistress. "Good gracious! what did you do?"

Bridget. "Oh, I made it all right, mum. Shure I changed the address on the envelopes."

Common Objects of the Country

(Continued)

I HAVE already said that the water-rat has little claim to the title of rat; and there is another creature which has even less claim to the title of mouse. This is the Shrew, or Shrew-Mouse as it is generally called. This creature is a very near relative of the hedgehog, and is a distant connection of the mole, but with the mouse it has nothing to do.

Numbers of the shrews may be found towards the end of the autumn lying dead on the ground, from some cause at present not perfectly known. If one of these dead shrews be taken, and its little mouth opened, a number of sharply-pointed teeth will be seen, something like those of the mole, very like those of the hedgehog, but not at all like those of the mouse.

SHREW-MOUSE.

The shrew is a worm-devouring creature, for which purpose its jaws, teeth, and whole structure are framed. A rather powerful scent is diffused from the shrew; and probably on that account cats will not eat a shrew, though they will kill it eagerly.

In days not long gone by, the shrew was considered a most poisonous creature, as may be seen in the works of many authors. Any cow or horse that was attacked with cramp, or indeed with any sudden disease, was supposed to have suffered in consequence of a shrew running over the injured part, and nothing but a shrew-infected plant could cure a shrew-infected animal. And the shrew-ash, as the curing plant was called, was prepared in the following manner:—

In the stem of an ash-tree a hole was bored; into the hole a poor shrew was thrust alive, and the opening closed with a wooden plug. The animal strength of the shrew passed into the substance of the tree, which ever after cured shrew-struck animals by the touch of a leafy branch.

We will pass on now to another shrew that is generally found in the water, and called from thence the Water-Shrew. It is a creature that may be found in many running streams, if the eyes are sharp enough to observe it, and is well worth examination. As it dives and runs along the bottom of the stream, it appears to be studded with tiny silver beads, or glittering pearls, on account of the air-bubbles that adhere to its fur. I have seen a whole colony of them disporting themselves in a little brooklet not two feet wide, and so had a good opportunity of inspecting them.

I may mention here, as has been done in one or two other places, that nothing is easier than to watch animals or birds in their state of liberty. All that is required is perfect quiet. If an observer just sits down at the foot of a tree, and does not move, the most timid creatures will

WATER-SHREW.

come within a few yards as freely as if no human being were within a mile. If he can shroud himself in branches or grass or fern, so much the better; but quiet is the chief thing wanted.

It is impossible to form an idea of the real beauty of animal life without seeing it displayed in a free state; and more real knowledge of natural history will be gained in a single summer spent in out-of-door work than by years of book study.

The characters of creatures come out so strongly, they have such quaint, comical little ways with them, that I have many a time forgotten myself, and burst into a laugh that scattered my little friends for the next half-hour. It is far better than a play, and one gets the fresh air besides.

These little water-shrews are most active in their sport and their work, for which latter purpose they make regular paths along the banks. And as to their sport, they chase one another in and out of the water,

MOLE.

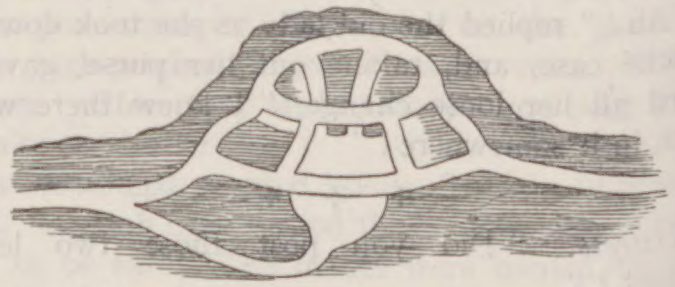
making as great a splash as possible, whisk round roots, dodge behind stones, and act altogether just like a set of boys let loose from the schoolroom. And then—what a change of feeling to see a stuffed water-shrew in a glass-case!

Now for a few words respecting the distant relation of the shrews, namely, the mole. Of its near relation, the hedgehog, there will not be time to speak.

Every one is familiar with the little heaps of earth thrown up by the mole, and called mole-hills. But as the animal itself lives almost entirely under-ground, little is known of it; at all events, to the generality of those who see the hills. The mole is not often seen alive; and few who see it suspended among the branches by the professional killer would form any idea of the real character of this under-ground animal.

Meek and quiet as the mole looks, it is one of the fiercest, if not the very fiercest, of animals; it labours, eats, fights, and loves as if animated by one of the furies, or rather by all of them together.

Intervals of profound rest alternate with savage action; and, according to the accounts of country



MOLE HILL OR PALACE.

folks near Oxford, it works and rests at regular intervals of three hours each.

Useful as these creatures are as subsoil drain-makers, they sometimes increase to an inconvenient extent, and then the professed mole-catcher comes

into practice, and destroys the moles with traps which are formed for the purpose of squeezing the mole, not of smashing or strangling him.

The mole-catchers are in the habit of hanging their victims on branches, mostly of the willow or similar trees; but their object I could never make out, nor could they give me any reason, except that it was the custom.

When a mole is taken out of the ground, very little

HEDGEHOG.

earth clings to it. There is always some on its great digging claws; but very little indeed on its fur, which is beautifully formed to prevent such clinging. The fur of most animals "sets" in some definite direction, according to its position on the body; but that of the mole has no particular set, and is fixed on the creature's skin much like the pile of velvet. Indeed, the mole's fur has much the feel of silk-velvet; and so the title of the "Little gentleman in the velvet coat" is justly applied.

Those small heaps of earth that are so common in the fields, and called mole-hills, are merely the result of the mole's travelling in search of the earth-worms, on which it chiefly feeds; and in their structure there is nothing remarkable.

But the great mole-hill, or mole-palace, in which the animal makes its residence, is a very different affair. In it is found a central chamber in which the mole resides; and round this chamber there run galleries or corridors in a regular series, so as to form a kind of labyrinth, by means of which the creature may make its escape if threatened with danger.

The picture on page 132 shows a section of the mole-palace.

This palace is formed, if possible, under the protection of large stones, roots of trees, thick bushes, or some such situation; and is located as far as possible from paths or roads.

The food of the mole mostly consists of earth-worms, in search of which it drives these tunnels. The depth of the tunnel is necessarily regulated by the position of the worms; so that in warm pleasant days or evenings the run, as it is called, is within a few inches of the surface; but in winter the worms retire deeply into the unfrozen soil, and thither the mole must follow them. For this purpose it sinks perpendicular shafts, and from thence drives horizontal tunnels. It may be seen how useful this provision is when one thinks of the work that is done by the mole when providing for its own sustenance.

In the cold months it drives deeply into the ground, thereby draining it, and preventing the roots of plants from becoming sodden by the retention of water above; and the earth is brought from below, where it was useless, and, with all its properties not used up by crops, is laid on the surface, there to be frozen, the particles to be forced asunder by the icy particles with which it is filled, and, after the thaw, to be vivified by the oxygen of the atmosphere, and made ready for the reception of seeds.

The worms have a mission of a similar nature; but their tunnels are smaller, and so are their hills. Every gardener knows how useful for certain plants are the little heaps of earth left by the worms at the entrance of their holes. And by the united exertions of moles and worms a new surface is made to the earth, even without the aid of human labour.

Among other pets, I have had a mole—rather a strange pet, one may say; but I rather incline to

WEASEL.

pets, and have numbered among them creatures that are not generally petted—snakes, to wit—but which are very interesting creatures notwithstanding.

Being very desirous of watching the mole in its living state, I directed a professional catcher to procure one alive, if possible; and after a while the animal was produced. At first there was some diffi-

culty in finding a proper place in which to keep a creature so fond of digging; but the difficulty was overcome by procuring a tub and filling it half full of earth.

In this tub the mole was placed, and instantly sank below the surface of the earth. It was fed by placing large quantities of earth-worms or grubs in the cask; and the number of worms that this single mole devoured was quite surprising.

As far as regards actual inspection, this arrangement was useless; for the mole never would show itself, and when it was wanted for observation, it had to be dug up. But many opportunities for observing its manners were afforded by taking it from its tub and letting it run on a hard surface, such as a gravel-walk.

There it used to run with some speed, continually grubbing with its long and powerful snout, trying to discover a spot soft enough for a tunnel. More than once it did succeed in nearly burying itself, and had to be dragged out again, at the risk of personal damage. At last it contrived to slip over the side of the gravel-walk, and, finding a patch of soft mould, sank with a rapidity that seemed the effect of magic. Spades were put into use; but a mole is more than a match for a spade, and the pet mole was never seen more.

I was by no means pleased at the escape of my prisoner; but there was one person more displeased than myself—namely, the gardener: for he, seeing in the future a mole running wild in the garden, spoiling his lawn and destroying his seed-beds, was extremely vexed, and could by no means be pacified.

However, his fears and anxieties were all in vain, as is often the case with such matters, and a mole-heap was never seen in the garden. We therefore concluded that the creature must have burrowed under the garden wall, and so have got away.

Sometimes the fur of the mole takes other tints besides that greyish black that is worn by most moles. There are varieties where the fur is of an orange colour; and I have in my own possession a skin of a light cream colour.

A constant thirst seems to be on the mole, for it never chooses a locality at any great distance from water; and should the season turn out too dry, and the necessary supply of water be thus diminished or cut off, the mole digs wells, until it comes to a depth at which water is found.

I should like to say something of the hedgehog, the stoat, and other wild animals; but I must only take one more example of British Mammals, the common weasel.

Gifted with a lithe and almost snake-like body, a long and yet powerful neck, and with a set of sharp teeth, this little quadruped attacks and destroys animals which are as superior to itself in size as an elephant to a dog.

Many instances are known of attacks on man by weasels, and in every case they proved to be dangerous enemies. They can spring to a great distance, they can climb almost anything, and are as active as—weasels; for there is hardly any other animal so active, and their bite is fierce and deep. So, when five or six weasels unite in one attack, it may be imagined that their opponent has no trifling combat before him ere he can claim the victory. In such attacks they invariably direct their efforts to the throat, whether their foe be man or beast.

They feed upon various animals, chiefly those of the smaller sort, and especially like mice; so that they do much service to the farmer. There is no benefit without its drawbacks; and in this case, the benefit which the weasel confers on farmers by mouse-eating is counterbalanced, in some degree, by a practice on the part of the weasel of varying its mouse diet by an occasional chicken, duckling, or young pheasant. Perhaps to the destruction of the latter creature the farmer would have no great objection.

The weasel is a notable hunter, using eyes and nose in the pursuit of its game, which it tracks through every winding, and which it seldom fails to secure. Should it lose the scent, it quarters the ground like a well-trained dog, and occasionally aids itself by sitting upright.

Very impertinent looks has the weasel when it thus sits up, and it has a way of crossing its forepaws over its nose that is almost insulting. At least I thought so on one occasion, when I was out with a gun, ready to shoot anything—more shame to me! There was a stir at the bottom of a hedge some thirty yards distant, and catching a glimpse of some reddish animal glancing among the leaves, I straightway fired at it.

Out ran a weasel, and, instead of trying to hide, went into the very middle of a footpath on which I was walking, sat upright, crossed its paws over its nose, and looked steadily at me.

The weasel has been tamed, and, strange to say, was found to be a delightful little animal in every way but one. The single exception was the evil odour which exudes from his body.

The polecat, ferret, marten, and stoat belong to the true weasels; the otters and gluttons claiming a near relationship.

✢ ✢ ✢

The Builders of Long Ago

PART VI.—THE ARCHITECTURE OUTSIDE A BUILDING

By Winifred Hammond, F.R.H.S.

I WONDER if you *did* keep last month's magazine, as I suggested, so as to have a little "Dictionary of Architecture" of your own.

This month, you will remember I promised you the second part, viz., "Things Seen Outside a Church."

A *Battlement* was at first needed in castles as a protection for the archers shooting arrows down on to their enemies; but as time went on, this notched form of parapet was used to ornament church towers and other buildings (Fig. 1).

A Buttress.—As the pressure of wide, heavy ceilings (or "vaults," as they are called in architecture) was liable to curve the outer walls, supports outside the building were built to prevent it, either at the time when the building was first made, or, in some cases, added afterwards. Some buttresses are quite plain, whilst others are ornamented in various ways (Fig. 2).

Fig. 1.

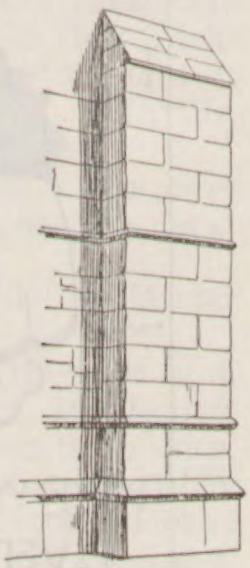


Fig. 2.

One form—the *Flying Buttress*—is found both inside and outside buildings (Fig. 3).

Dripstone.—The meaning of this word is easy to understand, as it is placed over doorways and windows, to throw off rain water, and prevent damage to the walls. It is also sometimes found inside churches, and over arches. If it is square, it is then called a "label." (See July number of the *Children's Paper*, page 101, Figs. 2–4).

Gargoyle.—You know the English word "to gurgle"—to make a "bubbly" noise in your throat, don't you? Well! this word "gargoyle" comes from the same Latin word meaning "a throat." It is a projecting spout, by which the water from the roof-

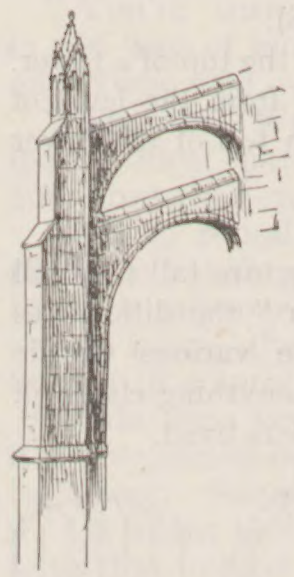


Fig. 3.

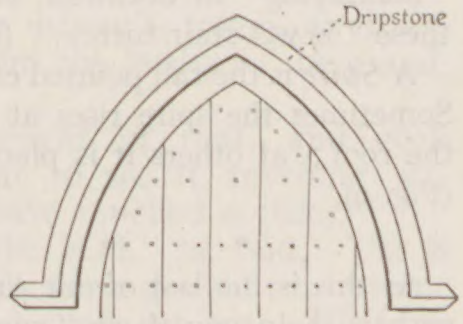


Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

gutters can pour out. Amongst these gargoyles you can "collect" all sorts of queer animals and people that never lived on land or sea (Fig. 5).

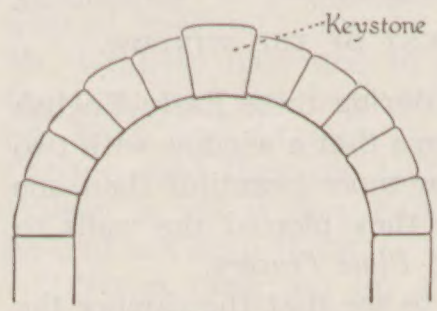


Fig. 6.

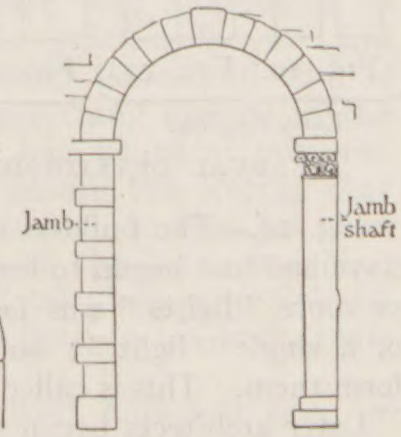


Fig. 7.

A *jamb* is the upright side of a door, a window, or an arch (Fig. 7).

A Keystone.—This is the centre stone of an arch. It is usually wedge-shaped (Fig. 6).

Fig. 8.

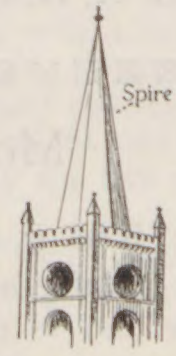


Fig. 9.

A Newel Staircase.—In some churches one corner of the tower is rounder than the others, and ends in

a tiny turret at the top of the tower. This staircase was built so as to reach the belfry. When you go "holidaying" in Cornwall, you will often see one of these "newel stair turrets" (Fig. 8).

A *Spire* is the tall pointed end to the top of a tower. Sometimes the spire rises at once from the level of the roof; at others it is placed on top of the tower (Fig. 9).

* * * * * *

As this is the last of our Architecture talks, it will perhaps help you if we "run over" the differences in the windows built during the various Gothic periods; for windows, more than anything else, will help you to discover when its builders lived.

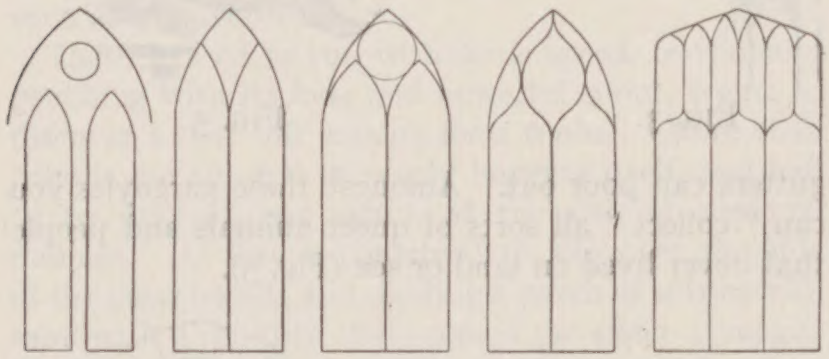


FIG. 10. FIG. 11. FIG. 12. FIG. 13. FIG. 14.

Early English. Decorated. Perpendicular.

GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE WINDOW.

Fig. 10.—The builders during these Early English days had just begun to learn that a window with two or more "lights" was far more beautiful than one of a single "light"; so they pierced the walls to form them. This is called *Plate Tracery*.

Later architects began to see that the thinner the wall spaces between the lights, the more delicate the windows appeared, so they made one big window and divided it with "bars." Hence the name *Bar Tracery*. The late Early English Bar Tracery is naturally the simplest, but it gradually merged into that of the Decorated Period, and then into the large and beautiful windows of the Perpendicular style (Figs. 11, 12, 13, and 14).

Motto for September

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Sent in by FLORENCE GREEN, 485 Brunshaw Road, Burnley, Lancs., to whom a book prize has been awarded.

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE

Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

\+ \+ \+

Jim. "I say, Joe, could you tell me what kind of skins make the best shoes?"

Joe. "I'm sure I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers!"

The Secret Brotherhood

CHAPTER XI

LOST!

ONE evening, a few weeks after the pig episode, Mr. Marston came back from Carlisle, where he had been to a meeting, and found Nurse waiting for him in a great state of anxiety.

"Oh, sir, I'm so glad you've come! The young gentlemen are lost! We can't find them anywhere."

"Lost? Nonsense, Nurse. What do you mean? They can't really be lost! No doubt they're up to some mischief."

"I don't think it's that, sir. They never came in to dinner, and no one has seen them since about eleven o'clock, and now it's past five. We've searched everywhere for them."

"Who saw them last? What were they doing this morning?"

"They went to the Hall, sir. Mrs. Carlton told them yesterday that she's been having a big 'turn out' of the whole house during the last week or two, and opening up rooms that have never been used while the old gentleman was living there alone, and she said they might go and explore if they liked. She thought it would be an amusement for them, with Mr. Carlton being away and no lessons to do."

(Graham had gone to London for a few days on business, and was expected home the next day.)

"Then they must be there still. Is Master Jim lost too?"

"Oh no, sir. His foot soon got tired, he said, going up and down all them stairs, and he left the others. And no one else has seen them since. Mrs. Carlton thought they'd come home, but they haven't been in all day. Me and cook's looked everywhere for them, and they've had no dinner or tea. I'm afraid some accident must have happened to them, sir. I was just going to telephone to the police station if you hadn't come in by that train."

"Oh, I think we'll leave that for a bit," said Mr. Marston. "The boys are well enough known round here, so if there had been an accident we should have heard by now. I expect it's just naughtiness. They knew I was going to be out all day, and with Mr. Carlton away too, they evidently thought it a good opportunity for some mischief. They can't be trusted by themselves one little scrap."

But although he tried to think it was some naughtiness on their part, he was really beginning to be rather alarmed, and he was very thankful his wife was away, as he knew how nervous she would have been about them.

"You're sure they haven't taken anything in the way of food from the larder?" he asked, and Nurse said,—

"No, sir. We thought of that, and cook looked most particular to see if anything was gone, but they can't have touched nothing."

"I'll go round to the Hall," he said. "It is possible that they might have got shut into some room or cupboard, and can't get out. It's such an old house, there might be some place of that kind with a spring fastening of some sort."

"I do hope you'll find them soon, sir, whether it's naughtiness or not. It's a mercy the mistress isn't here. She would be getting in a state about it. It might be something to do with those town boys that bullied Master Brian before."

The Rector exclaimed,—

"That's an idea, Nurse! I wonder . . . but no, it can hardly be that, because the schools are not having holidays now," and he went off to the Hall.

He found every one there very anxious as to what had become of the missing boys. Jim said he thought they would have told him if they had been planning anything special in the way of mischief; but he had heard of nothing. Mr. Graham hastened to assure the Rector that the boat had not been touched, so that he need not have any anxiety about the lake, and Mrs. Carlton said that she had telephoned to Colonel Wilson to ask if they had been to his house, but he had not seen them.

"Nurse rang me up about half-past one, or two," she explained, "to find out if they were still here, as they had not come in for dinner; but we have searched all over the house since then, and there is no sign of them. The odd thing is that their caps are still hanging in the hall, so it looks as if they hadn't meant to be out long when they left the house."

"Isn't it possible that they might have got shut in somewhere?" asked the Rector.

The Hall was a very old house, which had been added to at different times in its long history, so that there were endless queer passages and odd little staircases, where one might easily lose one's way for a time, but hardly for five or six hours.

"Of course it is just possible that there might be some secret chamber or something of that kind here," answered Mrs. Carlton, "but we don't know of any such place."

"It certainly is very likely in such a house as this," added Mr. Graham, "but I've never heard that there was one. However, from what I know of your sons, Marston, I should think

they're the most likely people to find it, if it does exist."

"Then do you mind if we have another thorough search?" asked the Rector, who was by now, of course, very anxious indeed.

"By all means do," said Mr. Graham. "I'm exceedingly sorry for your anxiety, but, at the same time, I'm rather inclined to agree with your first idea that they're up to some lark, and gone for some expedition of their own somewhere."

"They surely wouldn't have left their caps behind in that case," said Mrs. Carlton.

Mr. Graham then sent for Hobson, the butler, to take Mr. Marston all over the house, apologizing because he was not capable of going himself. And as Mrs. Carlton had been up and down several times already, she was also persuaded not to go again.

"May I come?" asked Jim anxiously.

"But what about your foot, dear boy? Do you think you can manage it? You mustn't tire it too much, you know."

"Oh, it will be all right, Granny. Do let me go! I'll be very careful, and stand on the other as much as possible."

So he was allowed to join the search party, and they went all over the house, calling out at intervals, and listening for sounds, looking in every cupboard and tapping the walls and panels in the hope of finding some unknown hiding-place, but for a long time there was no result. At last, when they were beginning to give up hope of finding the boys in the house, they went down to the cellars, and then, after shouting again several times, they heard a very faint, answering cry.

The Rector called out again,—

"Boys, are you there? Can you hear us?"

And then they heard Brian's voice. It sounded a long way off, and seemed to come from down below, but they were just able to make out what he said.

"We're here! Oh, do get us out! We've been here ages and ages. We thought you'd never come."

"But where are you, old boy? Tell us how you got in."

"There's a trap-door in one of the smallest cellars. I think it's the last one at the end of the passage. Oh, do hurry up!"

"All right, old boy. It won't be long now." And they hurried to the small cellar Brian had described, and were relieved to hear his voice much more plainly.

"Donald's hurt his foot, and I think he's fainted. And we are so hungry!"

Jim and the Rector called back to him. At first they could not see any sign of a trap-door, till Brian said,—

"It's just a hole in the corner, like a big mouse-hole. I dropped a marble, and it rolled down, and then I put my hand in, and the floor lifted up."

In a very few seconds they found the hole, and were able to pull up a square piece of the floor boards which formed a carefully disguised trap-door.

There was a great sigh of relief from Brian, and he exclaimed,—

"Take care, the ladder's broken—it was rotten—and that was why we couldn't get up again."

"I'll fetch one, sir," said Hobson, and Mr. Marston asked,—

"What about Donald? Is he much hurt? Was it when the ladder broke?"

"I think he's only sprained his ankle. It wasn't the ladder; he fell down some steps farther on. There's ever such a long passage down here. Oh, Daddy, I *am* glad you've come! I thought no one would find us till we were dead. How long have we been here?"

"It's nearly seven o'clock now. I don't know what time it was when you got shut in."

"Is it really only that? I thought it must be to-morrow, or the middle of the night at least! It seemed like years."

"We'll soon have you out now, old man. Here comes Hobson with another ladder."

The Rector went down, and found poor little Donald lying in a heap on the floor at Brian's feet. He picked him up very gently, and Donald opened his eyes.

"Can you climb up, Brian, and then I can get Don up," said their father. And Brian stumbled up the steps and into the arms of Mrs. Carlton, who had heard the news from Hobson, and had come down with him.

Brian was shivering with cold, and very hungry, and though he had not cried before, he broke down now just from the relief of being found. The whole party went to the kitchen, where the warmth and some hot milk soon made him feel better. Donald gradually revived too, and drank some milk, and by the time a more solid meal was ready for them they were both quite able to enjoy it.

They had eaten nothing since breakfast, and were very hungry, and they could hardly believe it was still the same day: it had seemed so long to them, shut up in the dark. When they had finished their meal, Mrs. Carlton examined Donald's ankle, which was rather badly sprained. She bathed it and tied it up for him, and it soon felt a little more comfortable, and then Brian began their story.

CHAPTER XII

THE SECRET PASSAGE

BRIAN said that they had played about the house for a long time after Jim left them, before they went down to the cellars to explore them.

"But wasn't it dark down there?" asked Jim.

"Not so very, and I'd got my electric torch in my pocket."

"That was jolly lucky for you!" said Jim.

"But it went out afterwards," said Donald.

"Well, I told you how I dropped a marble," went on Brian, "and it rolled into the corner and down the hole, so I put my hand in, and we were awfully surprised when the trap-door came up."

Of course they couldn't resist going down to see what it was like, but the ladder was evidently rotten, and before they got to the bottom it gave way.

"Didn't you get hurt?" asked Mrs. Carlton.

"Oh no, nothing much," said Brian. "I was almost at the bottom, and when I felt it going I jumped down, so I was able to catch Donald more or less before he fell."

"Only he shouted out to me that it was breaking, and I clutched at a rope which was hanging down from the trap-door, so, of course, it shut down with a bang, and there we were!" Donald explained.

"It was lucky it didn't come on the top of you."

"We were too far down for that. But, of course, we couldn't get up again, and the rope wasn't long enough for us to reach it. Besides, if we could have climbed up it, it wouldn't have helped much. We couldn't have opened the door if we'd been hanging on to it ourselves."

"Weren't you awfully frightened?" asked Mrs. Carlton.

"Not at first," answered Brian. "We just thought it was a jolly exciting adventure, and we thought some one would be sure to hear when we shouted. We found we were in a narrow passage, and my torch gave quite a good light then, so we decided to go along it a bit and see if we could find another way out."

"And the passage went on for ages and ages," interrupted Donald, as his brother paused for a second. "It must be quite a mile!"

"Hardly, I should think," remarked his father.

"Well, any way, Daddy, it seemed like it," said Brian. "We walked on and on, and then Donald was ahead of me for a bit, and he suddenly gave a yell, and went head first down a flight of steps."

"Poor old Donald!" exclaimed the audience simultaneously.

"My foot hurt frightfully," said Donald, "and I couldn't possibly stand on it. I thought I must have broken my leg at first."

"How did you get back again?" asked Jim.

Brian explained that it was only then that he really began to feel frightened. Donald was crying, and refused to go on or to go back, and Brian said he felt sure they ought to go back to the trap-door, so that they could shout and make somebody hear. He tied his handkerchief round his brother's ankle, which made it feel a little better, and then he managed to persuade Donald to crawl up the steps.

"It hurt awfully," said Donald. "I could only go very slowly. But then Brian crawled, and I rode on his back, and that was much better."

"Except for my knees," remarked Brian, and

for the first time drew attention to the fact that his knees were frightfully grazed from crawling so far on the hard, rough ground.

"Oh, Brian! I am so sorry," exclaimed Donald. "You never told me you'd hurt them, and you carried me ever so far."

"It isn't anything," said his brother, blushing a little. "It's not a quarter as bad as your ankle, and besides, I was jolly keen to get back to the door, and I couldn't have got you along any other way." But he admitted that they were very sore, and allowed Mrs. Carlton to bathe them and put some ointment on them.

After this interruption he went on with the story, but there was not much more to tell. They got back to their starting-place at last, and called for some time with no result, and then the torch went out, and they were left quite in the dark. By this time they were feeling very cold and hungry as well as frightened. They sat down very close together and tried to keep each other warm, still shouting at intervals, and it was some time after that that Donald had hurt his ankle again by trying to move to a more comfortable position, and had fainted. Brian said he had tried to make him wake up, but couldn't. And then he thought he must have gone to sleep himself for a little while, when he suddenly heard voices, and knew that they were found at last.

Everybody said that Brian had been very plucky and sensible, and his father told him he was proud of him for behaving so well. Donald, looking a little uncomfortable, remarked,—

"He was simply topping, Daddy, all the time. But I really couldn't help crying a little. My ankle did hurt so, and I thought we should never be rescued."

"Oh, you needn't be ashamed of that, old man," said his father. "It was quite enough to make anybody cry. Now I expect you'll both feel quite ready to go to bed, and I shall have to carry you home, Donald."

"He can have my bath-chair," exclaimed Jim. "You know I never use it now."

"Oh, that's capital," said Mr. Marston, and Jim went to get it while Mr. Marston telephoned to Dr. Barker to ask him to come and look at Donald's ankle. By the time the boys were both in bed the doctor had arrived, and was very much interested in the story of their adventure. He told Brian that he deserved a V.C., and assured Donald that he would have cried himself if his foot had been so badly hurt, and he left them both feeling much more comfortable and happy, but too tired and sleepy even to want to talk any more that night about the secret passage.

(To be continued.)

SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young are the sunshine of the old"

A POLICEMAN at a cricket match was spoiling the view of the spectators behind him, and one of the onlookers complained.

"I say, policeman," he said, "can you play draughts?"

"Yes, I can," replied the bobby.

"Well," said the grinning spectator, "it's your move."

"That may be so," was the constable's reply, "but when I move I usually take a man!"

Sent in by EILEEN MORT,
National School, Adlington, near Chorley,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✢ ✢ ✢

THE vicar was about to announce the weddings, but he could not find the book containing the names.

"I publish the banns of marriage between—er—I publish the banns of marriage between——"

"Between the cushion and the desk," came in a loud whisper from the verger.

✢ ✢ ✢

"GOSH! what a night!" said the Irishman at a party. "It's simply pouring!"

"You can't go home in that downpour," remarked the host. "You'd better stay the night with us!"

The Irishman disappeared, returning in two hours dripping wet.

"Where have you been?" asked the host.

"Home for my pyjamas!" replied the Irishman.

Sent in by RONALD BENNETT,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✢ ✢ ✢

Two Irishmen on tour in Africa were very much troubled with mosquitoes at night. Driven to despair, they both put their heads under the bed-clothes. At length, one of them, on looking out and seeing a number of fireflies flitting about the room, said,—

"It's no good, Pat me bhoy, they're looking for us with lamps!"

Sent in by JOSIAH JONES,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✢ ✢ ✢

Old Lady. "Did fortune never knock at your door?"

Tramp. "Yes, once; but I was out, so he always sends his daughter."

Old Lady. "And who is that?"

Tramp. "Why, Miss Fortune" (misfortune).

Sent in by R. GREENWOOD,
6 Halstead Street, Worsthorne, near Burnley.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS

Day by Day

Friday, June 1st

WE feared Tom would tease Rover when his master was not by to see, and I am afraid this must have happened, for we have just heard that Rover has been sold, because he bit the groom badly. We hope poor Rover has found a better home.

Monday, June 4th

This afternoon we were just coming in from a walk with Nurse when Dick met us. He touched his hat and said, "Good afternoon, Miss Lee. Would you please let Miss Eva and Master Fred come with me to see the brown hen? She is sitting, and the chicks will be coming out of the egg to-day." Dick is always very kind to us, and Nurse knew he would not let us do any harm, so she said "Yes" at once. Dick took us into the barn, and went first to the workshop, where he kept the sacks of meal and barley. He half filled a wooden pot with grain and gave it to Fred, saying, "Here, Master Fred, you can give Browny her tea while we look at the eggs." Then he opened the door of a little room, and we saw Browny sitting in a long box. "Get up, ma'am," said Dick, and pulled Browny up. At first she tried to peck his hand, but when she saw the grain Fred held out she stopped, and he threw down a little for her. Then Dick put his hand into the box and pulled out an egg. It was cracked, and a tiny beak peeped out and said, "Peep, peep!" Dick said, "Come, my little man, I will help you," and he broke a big hole in the shell. There was the sweetest little yellow chick, so soft and round! Browny stopped picking up the barley and got back into the box. Dick pulled up another egg. It was cracked and had a hole in it. A little white head peeped out. Browny turned round and began kicking the egg with her sharp claws, and the crack grew bigger and bigger, till out hopped a dear little white chick. He crept under his mother's wing and peeped out at us. "Have you got any more?" said Dick. Browny seemed to know what he meant, for she got up and let him feel under her. He said no more chickens would come out just yet, for there were no more big cracks in the eggs. We did not want to go, so we asked him to let us see him feed the hens and Polly.

Monday, June 4th (continued)

We went first to the hen-yard. As soon as Dick opened the door all the cocks and hens came running. "Now, Miss Eva," said Dick, "put your hand in and take some barley." I did, but before I had time to throw it a hen flew up and tried to take it out of my hand. I was afraid, and let the barley fall at my feet. The hens all ran up and pecked so fast that soon there were no grains left. Dick took another handful and threw it a long way off, and away ran the fowls. Then he threw more in another place, and more and more, till there was only a little left. That he threw behind us, saying, "Now watch." A pretty little white hen was running up to eat this, when a big black one came in front and tried to get it. Then a handsome cock ran up and drove away the black hen. He would not let her come back till the little white hen had had enough. Dick said, "He always does that. He likes the little white one best. He never eats anything till she has done." We saw the black hen come back when the little white one had had enough, and she and the cock soon ate up the rest.

Monday, June 4th (continued)

"Now," said Dick, "the corn is all gone. Shall we just look at Polly? She has had her tea, but she will like to see you. She has one visitor already." "Polly has a visitor? What do you mean?" said Fred. "You will soon see, Master Fred. He is very good-looking and wears a black velvet coat," said Dick, as he went to unlock the stable door. "I think Dick is joking," Fred said to me. "He would not lock a visitor into the stable." When Dick unlocked the door, Polly put her head up and looked over the gate of her loose-box and whinnied to us. I held up a carrot Dick had given me, and Polly munched it up while I stroked her face. "Please, Dick, may we open the door? We can't see over it, it is so high up," said Fred. "Ah, Master Fred, you want to see the visitor, do you?" said Dick, as he unbolted the loose-box and pushed the gate open. We both gave a cry. There on Polly's back sat a lovely little black kitten, curled up like a ball. He had not a white spot anywhere! Dick lifted him down for us to stroke. His coat was as soft as velvet, and he had big blue eyes. Polly sniffed at him gently. He purred loudly and put up his paw and patted her nose. Then he began licking my hand. "He is a darling," said Fred. "Is he your very own?" "Yes," said Dick. "I call him 'Smut,' for he has not a white hair. He has come to see if he can drive away the greedy mice. They have been to steal Polly's oats three nights this week. She does not hear them when she is sleepy, but Smut will. Now, Miss Eva, let me put Smut up again. It is time you went in to tea." "He is too pretty to have such an ugly name, Dick. Do let us call him Velvet Paw," I said. Dick smiled and said, "Well, Missy, that's such a long name, he would never know it. He knows his name now—don't you, Smut?" Kitty looked up and mewed, and tried to jump out of my arms to Dick, who took him gently and put him up on Polly's back again. Smut curled himself up, purring loudly. We gave Polly one more pat, and thanked Dick, and then ran in to tea.

(*To be continued.*)

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Two strangers in a first-class railway carriage had got into a friendly conversation. The windows had just been let down on account of the closeness of the day, and the desultory chatter turned to the subject of ventilation.

"I make it," said one of the passengers, "an invariable practice to advise people to sleep with their bedroom windows open all the year round."

"Ha, ha," laughed the other; "I perceive you are a doctor!"

"Not at all!" was the confidential reply. "To tell you the truth, strictly between ourselves, I am —a burglar."

\+ \+ \+

Mother. "Tommy! what are you crying for?"

Tommy. "Willie Jones said I won't make a milkman."

Mother. "Why?"

Tommy. "Well, he said you have to cry milk, and I can only cry water."

\+ \+ \+

"How are you feeling, old man?" inquired the doctor of one of his patients.

"Not so bad," replied the invalid. "But my breathing troubles me."

"Ah!" replied the medico, "I'll see if I can stop that to-morrow."

\+ \+ \+

One night late an Irishman asked a gentleman what time it was. The gentleman thought Pat was about to snatch his watch, so he struck Pat on the nose and remarked, "It has just struck one."

"Be jabers," replied Pat, "I am glad I didn't ask ye an hour ago."

\+ \+ \+

Teacher of Infant Class. "Johnnie, can you spell 'am?"

Johnnie. "Please, miss, is it the 'am we eat, or the am we are?"

\+ \+ \+

Porter. "Yes, mum, the last carriage always suffers most in a collision!"

Old Dame. "Then why don't the sillies take the last one off?"

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to " Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than **September 22** will be considered.

[*We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.*]

Competitions for September

For all Ages up to Fifteen

VERSE COMPETITION

Write twelve (or more) lines of verse, making the first line of the first verse begin " If I were."

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

One day an old woman set out with a basket of eggs to sell. Before she had gone very far she met a beggar, and she felt so sorry for him that she gave him half of her eggs and half an egg. She went on a little farther until she came to another beggar, to whom she gave half of the eggs that were left and half an egg. She went on her way again, and by and by she came to a little girl who was crying.

" What's the matter, little girl ? " asked the old woman.

" My mother sent me to the market to buy some eggs, and I have lost the money," sobbed the child.

" Oh, if that is all," said the old woman, " I can help you." And she gave the little girl half of her eggs and half an egg. Then she had no eggs left.

How many had she in the beginning ?

(*All working must be shown*)

HOMONYMS

If you don't know the meaning of " homonym " look it up in your dictionary, and then see if you can find the answer to each of these verses.

I am a heavy lump of iron ;
  I make delicious meat ;
If you don't want to bear my name,
  Be careful how you eat.

I am found in a horse's hoof
  And on the railway track,
But I live by the side of a marshy lake.
  Have you seen my green back ?

Sometimes the flowers grow in me,
  Sometimes I'm full of water,
And sometimes children sleep in me,
  Each little son and daughter.

Sometimes I'm full of water ;
  " In health " I sometimes mean ;
Sometimes I mean excellently—
  Are your wits so keen ?

I am frozen water,
  I am a greeting free ;
And I am also healthy,
  As I hope that you may be.

I am a noted Quaker,
  And a place to keep a pig ;
And I can also write great thoughts,
  Although I am not big.

Sometimes a ceremony,
  Sometimes done with a pen ;
I build ; and I am quite correct.
  Can you guess me, then ?

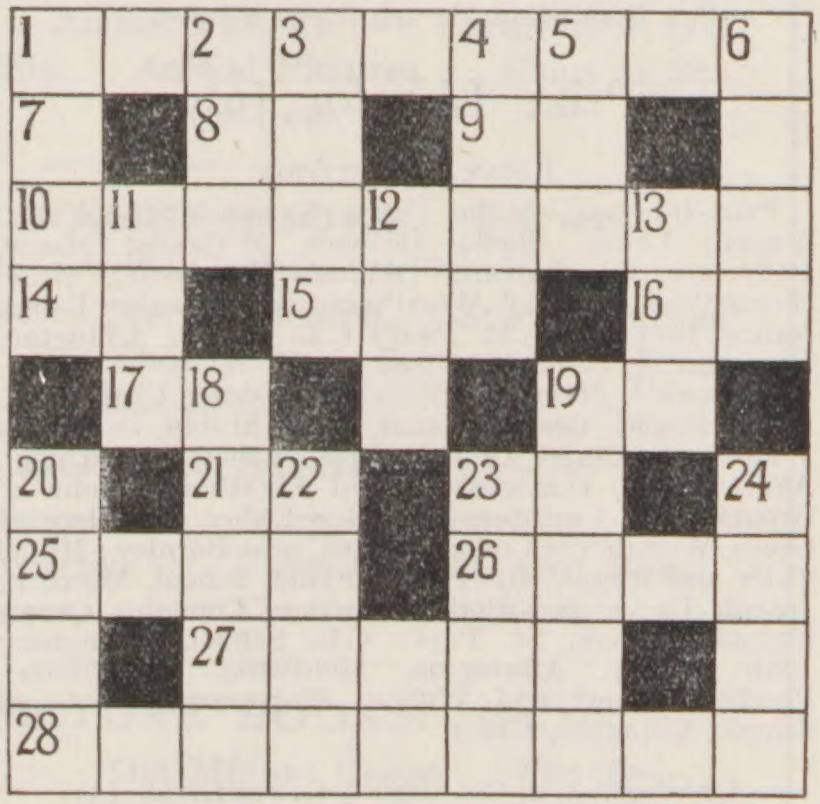
I am a fish you like to eat ;
  You wear me on your shoe ;
Yet I am what no man can kill,
  The most real part of you.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a picnic scene, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Small quadruped.
8. A sailor.
9. Point of the compass.
10. Dignity.
14. Period after Christ.
15. Affirmative.
16. That thing.
17. Prefix signifying " in."
19. Great (abbreviated).
21. Exclamation.
23. Bachelor of laws.
25. Talk wildly.
26. Organs of hearing.
27. One who eats.
28. Those who traffic by exchange.

DOWN

1. An Indian coin.
2. Queen of the fairies.
3. With ability.
4. Hotels.
5. Sheltered side.
6. To eject with force.
11. Poem.
12. A fish.
13. Rest.
18. At no time.
19. Dazzling light.
20. Native of Arabia.
22. Warmth.
23. Beverage.
24. Pleads.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Write an account of any noble deed you have seen, read, or heard about.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a spray of blackberries (in Scotland, brambles), and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress dealing with "Going for a Walk."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a tent, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

"Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "smile" sent in this month.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for July

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Millie Perry, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Sheila Mathers, Methodist Manse, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim. William Greenwood, Worsthorne Council School, Worsthorne, near Burnley, Lancs. Nancy Molyneaux, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Mabel Eaglestone, Chalk Well, Milton Regis; Bessie Thomas, Nellie Stubbs, and Hilda Whitehead, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Agnes Wood, Duncansby Head Lighthouse, John o' Groats, Wick, Caithness; Stanley Fisher and Florence Green, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Muriel Tyler and Ronald Riley, The Fydell School, Morcott; Joseph Pierce and Rodger Bartley, Connah's Quay; Harold Jackson, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Joan Lander, Alkrington, Middleton, Manchester; Phœbe Prescott and William Waterworth, National School, Adlington, Lancs.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Toinon Picard, Les Moussoux, s/Chamonix, Haute-Savoie, France. Mary Makinson, National School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Jack Fairhurst, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Edith Marian Prosser, Broughton Park, Manchester; Frances Wigley, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Ronald Riley, The Fydell School, Morcott; Wilfred G. Howard, Bermondsey, London, S.E.1.

THREADING THE MAZE

Prize-Winners.—Alex. Pierce, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay. Mollie Polland, Fernwood, Stranmillis Road, Belfast. Ronald Riley, The Fydell School, Morcott.

Honourable Mention.—Frances Wigley and Evelyn Edwards, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Walter Scott, Newmains, Lanarkshire; Evelyn Jones, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Mariquita Bush, East Dulwich; Fred Cromey, Ballymoney; Reggie Foster, Wallasey; Sheila Mathers, Ballyclare; Eileen Mort, Mary Makinson, and Fred Berry, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Wilbur Cockcroft, Belfast; Betty Butler, Rubery, near Birmingham; Kathleen MacMurray, Portrush; Ethel Atkinson and R. Greenwood, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Mary Calvert, Armagh; Frank Dunningham, Hampstead; Willie Young, Clones; Claude Miller, Hunstanton; Colville Crowe, Newtownards; Margaret Emily Crosland, Stapleford; Maude Shiels, Maghera, Co. Derry; Edward Hewitt, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Patricia Labram, Norbury, S.W.16.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Phyllis Valentine, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Margaret L. Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Eric Powell, 190 Park Road, Sittingbourne, Kent. Frank Smith, 303 Moston Lane, Moston, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Eleanor Shairp, Hadley, Caterham Valley, Surrey; Alfred Streeter, Sittingbourne; Leslie Jeffrey, Milton Regis; Barbara Limb, Kersal, Manchester; Barbara Fox, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Cuan Coulter, Rath Cuan, Downpatrick, Co. Down. Leslie Bishop, Ufton Lane School, Milton Regis, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Eric Powell, Ufton Lane School, Milton Regis, Kent; Hannah Cottingham, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Reggie Foster, Wallasey; Winnie Stubbs, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Arthur Ingham, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

✢ ✢ ✢

THE teacher was giving a lesson on "gravity."

"I want you to understand," she said, "that it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"Please, miss," squeaked young Bill, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

✢ ✢ ✢

Farmer. "Are you an experienced dairyman?"

Rustic. "Yes, sir."

Farmer. "Can you tell me which side of a cow you sit to milk her?"

Rustic. "Yes, sir. The outside."

✢ ✢ ✢

MOTHER took little Tommy with her to a restaurant. After the luncheon had been served, she said,—

"Now, Tommy, say grace, please."

"But, mother," he objected, "we're paying for this, aren't we?"

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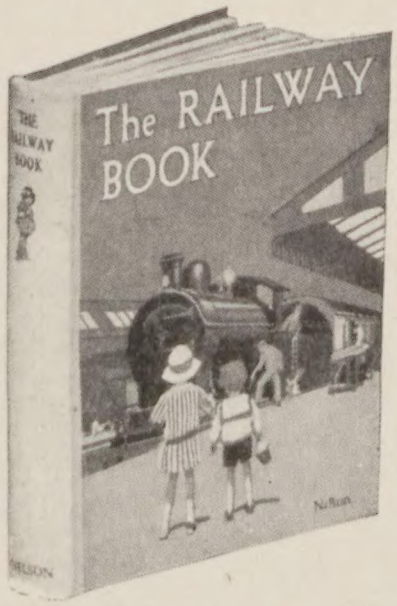

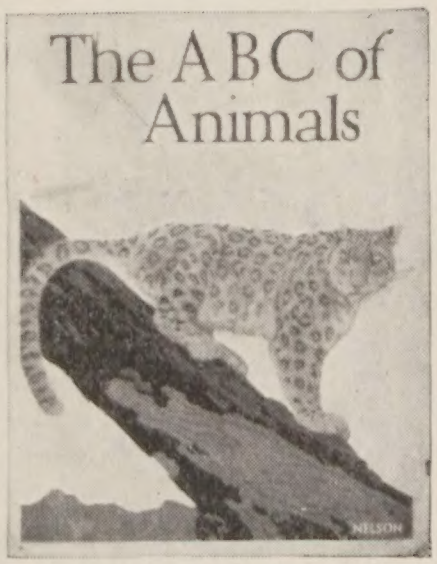

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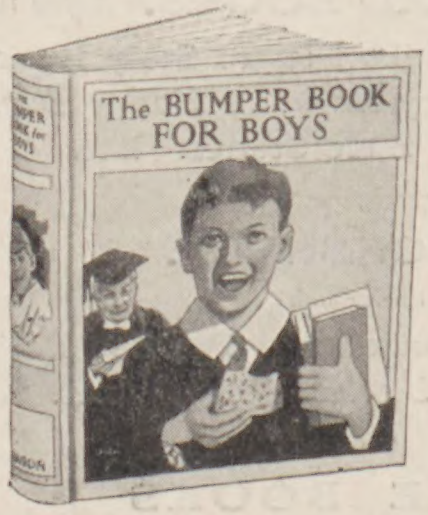

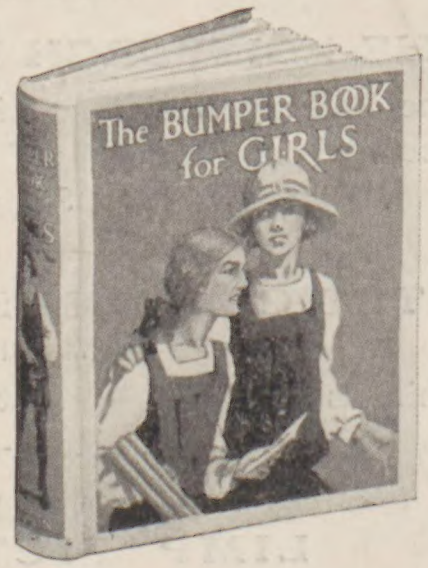

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